

some that they had money. Some of them were

conversing loudly about stocks, and many

were talking about the play. Almost all of

them were in the mood of a "big game."

Mr. Don'tvadam, a young man, was sitting

at a table in conversation. The reporter

approached them, and at the solicitation of his

friend, with whom he stopped to exchange

greetings, seated himself at the table. "Turning

to the young man, Mr. Don'tvadam said:

"Sir, my friend, I am bowed with one and indiffer-

ence, and taking from the pocket of his waist-

coat, a visiting card, handed it to the newcomer.

"The old man is very weak on names," he

said, "you will absorb something?"

The reporter mentioned what his would be

and then scrutinized the card. "Mr. Robert

Budge" was the name he read, and down in

the corner was a small, round Bostonian.

The reporter introduced at him with becoming

reverence, wondering if he read the list be-

fore breakfast and sharpened his razor in

broken chairs.

"Is this, sir, your first visit to New York?"

he inquired.

"Well, no, bless your kind heart, I should

say not," was the reply. "I come down once a

month regularly, and irregularly whenever the

moon strikes me, or I have anything to do here.

Boston is a good place, but I have heard, or

even Paris, and I bore you to stay there."

"But, sir, no business here which con-

fine you?"

"Not a tie. At the office they don't like to

have me around, and the fact is, I am so won-

derfully ignorant of the state of trade that I

don't like to be seen there myself. So I busy

myself with the animals when I am at home,

and when I am not, my man looks after them,

and they are just as well off.

Mr. Budge looked at him with a somewhat

expression, and he said this, but he

seemed mollified. The water performed his

function, and Mr. Budge remunerated him.

Mr. Don'tvadam sat back in his chair, with

his hands in his pockets, looking down with an

expression of deep thought. A clear lay on

the table before him, but it was not lit.

"Well, stick in the mud," said Mr. Budge,

disrespectfully, "are you going to be one of us,

or will you continue to prefer the sweet

company of your own kind?"

"I am not," he continued to the

reporter. "He is of no mortal use to the rest

of his species, unless you take him, metaphori-

cally speaking, by the scruff of the neck, and

shake him up. If I didn't come down here at

periodical intervals and force myself to asso-

ciate with him, I believe he would sit around

for weeks together, with his legs crossed and

his hands in his lap, and never stir except to

go to his toilet, to go to bed, and to walk out a

few times a day, and then come back and

he is the most useless devil of a man I ever

saw. He might have a horse if he chose and ride

but he prefers to toddle around on foot and

save his money. What does he do with that is

a mystery too. At this denunciation Mr. Don-

tvadam looked up.

"Robert," he said, "it would become you

greatly if, instead of trying to remove such

spitters as seem to you to impair my vision,

you should buy yourself getting your

eyes rubbed with warm water. That's

about Mr. Robert, nor do I believe you ever will.

Your friend is not calculated to grasp the sub-

liminal point of the matter, and he is not

who endures to bring to a sense of worth-

lessness the late Mr. Prescott of Boston, who

was the first to see the value of the

producing the Conquest of Mexico, Robert

you judge too much by appearance."

"You are not," said Mr. Budge, "you

know you don't do anything. It is a

man to do it."

"Don't you know that I eat three meals every

day of my life?"

"You certainly, but that isn't anything."

"You wouldn't call my temper bad, would

you?"

"Not very."

"Just imagine that I digest what I eat. Now,

do I appear to you to be a man who suffers from

reaches of his conscience? Do I look any

way like a man who is trying to escape from

himself, as you do?"

"You are getting poorer," said Mr. Budge,

"and I am getting richer. Now, do you not

INDIAN JIM'S HUNTING EXPLOITS.

Eighty Years Old, but Unimpaired in Vigor.

Methods that Exterminate the Deer.

SALEM, N. J., Nov. 18.—There are still

left among the Seneca Indians living on the

Catawagus reservation a few of the Indian

hunters who were famous sixty years ago,

when much of this part of New York State and

nearly all of northern Pennsylvania was still

covered with forest, into which no white

hunter had penetrated. The names of Potter,

Forest, and Elk counties, in Pennsylvania, are

still mostly unbroken woods, but the driller

after all has made his way pretty generally into

the wilderness of McKean. The other counties

are but sparsely settled, and have not changed

materially in physical appearance since the

days when the Indian hunter camped on the

stream. Potter county is one of the few coun-

ties in the eastern section of the Union, within

which the Indian hunter has not been con-

structed. In the forests of these wild Pennsylv-

ania counties the old Indian hunter still

spends all their time during the hunting season,

and hundreds of deer and bear, and hosts of

four-bearing animals, annually yield to their

skill with the rifle and the trap.

Jim Jacobs, a full-blooded Seneca of the pure

Indian type, is one of these relics of the past

age. He is 80 years of age, but as erect as a

pine and as strong and active as a buck.

There are no deer in the mountains. There is

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